Volume LXI CHICAGO, AUGUST 13, 1908 Number 24

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
From year to year will Science soar;
And, as it soars, religion's light
Grows pure and purer evermore.

More glorious still, as centuries roll,
New religions blest, new powers unfurled,
Expanding with the expanding soul,
Religion shall o'erflow the world.

Flow to fulfill, but not destroy,
As when the sun at break of day
Pours out his flood of light and joy,
And sweeps each lingering mist away.

—*Paul Carus*

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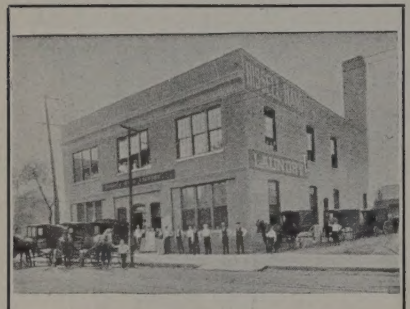

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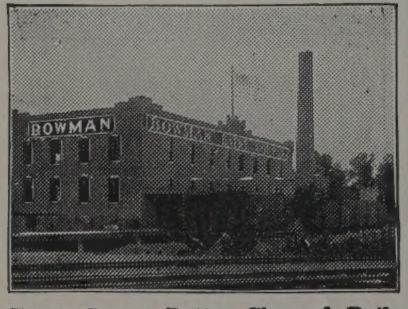

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXI THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, 1908 NUMBER 24

Everywhere, O Truth, dost thou give audience to all who ask counsel of thee, and at once answerest all, though on manifold matters they ask thy counsel. Clearly dost thou answer, though all do not clearly hear. All consult thee on what they will, though they hear not always what they wish. He is thy best servant, who looks not so much to hear from thee that which he himself desireth, as rather to will that which from thee he heareth.

—*Augustine.*

George T. Angell, the Boston philanthropist, says: "Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Belgium and all the nations of South America do not need great navies in order to maintain peace." He might have added Holland and Switzerland. And yet Russia, Germany, France, Italy, England and now, alas, the United States, are building bigger and wickeder battleships in order to "maintain peace."

In the crush of sensational matter concerning conventions, candidates, and party campaigns, there is danger that the newspapers will overlook and the people forget the significance of the new thing in this republican administration, viz., the appointment of an ex-Confederate and an active democrat to a position in the republican cabinet. We will not attempt to state what the appointment of Luke E. Wright of Tennessee as secretary of war means, but it means something, and perhaps means much. Something is breaking!

That is a comforting picture on page 41 of *Our Dumb Animals* for August. It is a photograph of the officials of the "Animal Rescue League" of Boston giving a cup (pailfuls) of cold water to the thirsty horses at the railway stations. In these days of intense heat it is pathetic to think of the stretches of country roads along which there are no drinking places for horses, and the careless farmers who never think of the extra drink their field horses need in these long, hot days of hard-working harvest times. If the civilization of a country is to be determined by the humane provision made for the care and protection of animals, vast areas of these United States are very near the barbaric mark.

"Was Shelley an Atheist?" is the title of an article in *Current Literature* for August. The article is based on some recently published letters of Shelley. The most masterful answer in short to this question we know of is to be found in the essay which Robert Browning wrote as an introduction to a volume of spurious letters of Shelley many years ago. The fraud was discovered in time to suppress the volume, but the Browning introduction remains as a piece of vigorous writing and wise analysis. This is one of the very few times when Browning was caught in prose. According to Mr. Browning, Shelley's alleged atheism sprang out of the tremendous emphasis placed upon some of the foundation contentions of Christianity itself.

Current Literature calls attention to the interesting fact that the Socialist and the Prohibition parties are the only ones "that are without a leader whose personal control is undisputed." The dictatorial leadership of Roosevelt, Bryan, Hearst and Thomas E. Watson is obvious to every one. The same magazine justly calls attention to the further fact that they "do not control by an exercise of arbitrary authority, but because in the main they represent the convictions and emotions of their followers." But in the nature of the case there is less selfish hoping and more conscience struggle per capita in the two impersonal parties named above than in any other. These have no hope of immediate success. They are working on long lines and it takes a long sight to survey the permanent lines in life as on the land.

It is a sorry day for the church and the ministry of religion when an antithesis is forced between so-called "charitable work," "deeds of helpfulness," etc., etc., and what is called "spiritual training" and "religious exercises." We believe in social worship and an audible ritual and deplore any tendency to minimize the value of the same. But words must never be put over against deeds, and "prayers" must never be placed in competition with "service" if the church is to maintain its spiritual leadership. If the cry is "back to Jesus," the earliest traditions of him as found in the gospel of Mark reveal him as a tireless helper of the poor and the sick, a persistent reformer, a seven-day-in-the-week worker among men, touching the synagogues *en route*. If there is an incidental element in his mission it was the so-called "instituted worship." The instituted work was essential.

The first "small park" was recently opened with fitting festivities on the west side of the city of Chicago. Some dozen of such parks have already been established on the South Side and their success is a matter of national and international note. This West

Side park was "carved" at great expense out of the congested tenement district. A lot of old rookeries that ought to have been burned down by order of the City Council because unfit residences for human beings had to be bought at high prices from private owners. There are several hundred more acres of similar territory that ought to be secured by the city of Chicago for public uses. But why wait till lands get so dear? The "small park" model is not only just what is needed in every square of 10,000 people in our big cities, but in any little village or city throughout the land, a park so equipped that it will be common ground for winter as well as summer—a place for mind renewal as well as body refreshment. Let them be multiplied.

"Lost Nation!" This was the call of the brakeman on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul flying across the Iowa prairies, as "ye editor" was sweating out these editorial notes with the thermometer 'way up to the top of the car. Thirty or more years ago, when on another lecture "bout," we first heard this cry. We then looked out on a desolate, bedraggled, dreary little unpainted western "station." Ill-clad men, pale, overworked women and underfed horses seemed to justify the despairing wail of the brakeman. In that drizzling spring rain, it seemed like the cry of a lost soul, L-O-S-T N-A-T-I-O-N! But this time we noted that the call came with a cheerful staccato, "Lost Natun!" The name on the station was brightly painted. The men on the platform wore well laundered, airy summer suits. Church spires punctuated the streets and on every side great fields of corn, grain in the shocks and splendid herds of cattle belly deep in clover stretched out before the eyes. We remember fancying in our early missionary trip that this dreary mudhole in the prairie was named by some despondent patriot, or perchance a malignant "Copperhead" during some of the "dark days of the war." Be that as it may, the doleful name is denied the prosperity of the community, the fertility of the fields, gardens and orchards. Spite of the grewsome "revelations," the ominous confessions of these campaigning days, the Nation is not lost. Be it Taft or Bryan, the Nation is safe.

Neighboring on Greatness

Browning, in his charming little poem entitled "Memorabilia," describes how the spot in the wild moor alone remained in his memory where he picked up a feather—an eagle's feather! And how his awe greatened when he encountered one who once knew Shelley. "And did you see him plain and hear him speak? How strange!"

It was with some such emotions that the senior editor on Sunday morning, August 2, while the dew was yet heavy on the rank growth of unmown clover, stood by the grave of Thomas Lincoln. The modest marble shaft bears on its base the name, the birth and death dates and the simple legend—

Father of Our Martyred President

By his side rest the ashes of the faithful, genial and thrifty step-mother, of whom the great president said, "She always understood me." But no stone or script witnesseth to this fact.

Many years ago the writer made a labored detour on one of his itineraries in order to reach Charleston and from thence visit the grave of "Tom" Lincoln, the carpenter to whom heaven with inexplicable partiality gave the unspeakable honor of fathering the greatest American, and more than that, one of the great hearts of history.

But that was in the month of March, and the bottomless roads made the eleven miles still to be traversed impassable. And through long years this neglected shrine remained unvisited, though not forgotten by this writer.

There were interests and incidents that would make his recent visit to Coles County a happy and, let us hope, a profitable one. A Chautauqua opportunity, a Saturday evening lecture, a Sunday morning sermon, a Sunday evening rendering of Browning's "Saul," a visit to the beautiful grounds of the State Normal School at Charleston, as full of pedagogical interest as of artistic charm, and the communion on high lines with "mine hosts," President Lord of the Normal School and the good wife, wise in the wisdom that is insight and forethought. And then this congenial triangle was squared by the arrival of Miss Lucine Finch, the strange little mouthpiece of an ancient African sibyl, a veritable "mammy," born as she claimed an "Alabaster Princess" in Africa, but borne hither in a slave ship when but about eighteen or nineteen years of age. She grew up to be the trusted "mammy" in an Alabama home and to pour her weird epics, half Christian, half pagan, altogether unique, into the ears of this receptive "honey-baby." Miss Finch has a personality that would be weird were it not so winsome. The psychology of it all is too subtle to be explained save by some kind of mental process allied to inspiration. She reproduces these strange "mammy" acts and songs in such realistic and sympathetic fashion as to delight the grandmother and the grandchildren, a kindergarten or a group of university dons and dames. She is equally at home before large Chautauqua audiences, which she greatly delights, or in the private salons of the rich and the exclusive.

This quartette, augmented by the public-spirited secretary of the Chatauqua and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Neal, formed the company who that lovely Sunday morning made the ride of twenty-two miles between 5 and 9:20 a. m., through the charming un-Illinoisian scenery of the Embarrass Valley to the Shiloh cemetery, where rest the bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lincoln. It was the privilege of the writer part of the way, to ride. "King," the truly

regal red-chestnut saddle horse of mine host, the only horse over whose neck "ye editor" ever held a rein that found heart-room in the company of the long-lost but still fondly beloved "Jess" and her faithful successor, "Roos."

But all these attractions faded into indefiniteness like Browning's moorland when we realized vitally that we were in Lincoln Land.

Charleston is a thriving western town, the county seat of a fertile county, a progressive little city with schools, libraries, etc., to be proud of. But its greatest assets are the humble graves of poor Dennis Hanks, a cousin of Abraham Lincoln, and his wife, the daughter of the good step-mother.

On Saturday afternoon, while many of the citizens of Coles County were discussing the relative merits of the "talents" and the "attractions" of the Chautauqua on the fair grounds, others were disputing over the relative claims for the governorship of Illinois of Deneen and Yates, and everybody was trying to keep cool, mine hostess and myself went in search of the graves of Dennis Hanks and his wife. We found them in the "old" village cemetery hidden under a tangle of briers, and we tore open the matted grass and weeds to read on the little marble block, a child's tombstone, the information that he lived ninety-two years and that he was

Tutor of the Martyred President

On Sunday afternoon a precious hour was spent in the company of Mrs. Chapman, widow of Col. Chapman of the Fifty-fourth Illinois Infantry, a daughter of Dennis Hanks. Her son, Mr. Chapman, the present postmaster of Charleston, the grandson of Dennis, was also present.

Mrs. Chapman is in her eighty-second year. Her eyes are still bright, her ears alert, her voice and face gentle and winsome, suggesting that beauty of spirit and form which by common consent gathered around the traditions of Nancy Hanks Lincoln.

I was shown the little old-fashioned photographs of the good grandmother, of Dennis in his old age, and of his wife when she was the youthful Miss Johnson. On the walls of the cozy sitting room hung the picture in its original frame which Mr. Lincoln sent to Mrs. Chapman soon after the great Lincoln and Douglas debate in this town, the fiftieth anniversary of which is soon to be celebrated. He wrote that it was from the first negative he ever had taken, that it was a poor picture but that it was the best that could be made with the subject.

It was gratifying to hear of the full family traditions, of the beauty, sprightliness and dexterity of the little mother, "to whom I owe all that I am or ever will be." "Everybody loved her" is the family tradition.

Mrs. Chapman had spent many months at a time in the house of Thomas Lincoln, and there was a touch of indignation in the voice as she denied the silly stories of his illiteracy and worthlessness. "He was indeed poor. We were all poor then, but Thomas Lincoln was a kind, intelligent man, interested in everything going on, a good worker when he was able. He could write his name better than some college folks do. He spent many hours a day reading his Bible and the papers. He never sat down to his table without asking a blessing. And I never heard an oath from his mouth."

It is a delicate matter to enter into the confidence of strangers, particularly the aged stranger. But the traditions and particularly the "impressions" that grow in the quiet of family confidences are priceless material in the hands of the true historian.

"Alas for the nation that neglects its annals!"

The genius of American history is neglecting its opportunities. Those who neighbored with the greatness of Abraham Lincoln are nearly all gone. The old settlers that "remembered" at Hodginsville, Ky., Gentryville, Ind., Coles county, Decauter, New Salem and Springfield, Ill., are nearly all gone. But Mrs. Chapman and her son remain, and, I believe, the Mr. Hall to whom Abraham Lincoln promised the old homestead, the forty-acre farm, on condition that he should give a home to the good step-mother while she lived, or if she chose to bide away he was to give her a rental in money, still lives and still holds his unwritten title to the land. Mrs. Chapman has one living sister residing near Decauter and two brothers who live in the far West. Somewhere in the vicinity of Decauter is the grave of "Uncle John Hanks," who with Abraham Lincoln split the famous rail and gave to the first candidacy for the presidency the poetry of the "Rail Splitters."

Where is the Ida Tarbell, the Winston Churchill, or some one with equal or more adequate historic sense and poetic insight to go and abide with these survivors long enough to divine so much of the heart of the mystery as is now available to the human mind and heart?

Not for the sake of the dead—they sleep well under the weeds—but for the sake of the living, these graves should be cared for by an appreciative nation; if possible, by the hands of grateful children.

Charleston is about to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the great debate. Let it not forget him who for nearly sixty years was one of its humblest citizens—Dennis Hanks. There should be some tangible witness in Charleston that he thus lived. A drinking fountain for man and beast, a park, a play ground, a school house, or, best of all, a hospital, for all through his long life Dennis neighbored with greatness and his name will abide as long as the story of Abraham Lincoln is dear to the hearts of men, women and children.

He is pitifully poor, though he count millions, who cannot buy for his heart the throb of human sympathy, or purchase for his old age the solace of respect.—*James S. Norton.*

Socialism with an Explanation

My Dear Unity: I am inundated with letters and newspaper replies to the reference which I made in your columns to socialism. No two of these writers agree, and I am compelled to believe that we are yet several milestones from social perfection. I also still believe that the best thing in sight is the distribution of population out of our congested centers and in that way securing an eqalization of conditions. I do not however, anticipate that we shall ever get quite beyond that old adage, quoted by Horace Greeley, "root, hog, or die." I am an optimist in every fiber of my being, but I believe that progress is going to be made only by continual struggle. God save us from perfection, either in this world or in the next. Utopian dreams are always necessary, but their value is that they cannot be realized. Even if we get other conditions equalized we still have prenatal inequality. Universal suffrage will not get at that, even if all the ladies vote and stop wearing corsets and smoking cigarettes (which may the devil soon grant).

So far as socialism expresses the yearning of our age for betterment I am myself a socialist. I believe, however, with Mr. H. G. Wells, that society will always have its bottom and its top. "Until by foresight inconceivable, society can prevent the birth of all the useless or inadaptable, there must needs continue to be this struggle beneath the feet of the race; somewhere and in some form there must still persist those essentials that now take place as the slum, the prison, and the asylum."

Perhaps I differ from the socialists mainly in insisting on progress rather than perfection. The blessing of blunders and the mission of pain is to me apparent. This world needs a lot of switching; all of us do; yet I am not desirous of being misunderstood by people with whom I largely agree. My socialism is concerned more with a common school education that shall have a larger amount of common sense in it. I am for all the reforms embodied in the Denver platform, and for several more—such as initiative and referendum, proportional representation and equal suffrage of people of common intelligence.

My correspondents lay emphasis on the fact that socialism, as they look at it, does not teach equal distribution, but distribution proportionate to work done. Grönlund says that socialsim will place land, manufactures, transportation and commerce, all important instruments of production, that is all tools, under collective control; and that the labors of citizens will be rewarded according to results. I should like to know who will preside over that distribution. Will it be politicians? Or will it be ministers? Will it be some such body as our supervisors? You can very easily see what would become of our common earnings when you find Mr. Roosevelt spending them on war vessels and war parades. Bryan and Taft are scouring the country for election expenses. You might try Joe Cannon.

You may reply to this all you please. I shall take no time nor strength to counter-reply. I have fought through the theological battle and through the old struggle with slavery, and have no flinching in my record. Let the boys take up the game. My advice, however, is to let up on the brakes and go ahead on the main line of the Golden Rule. E. P. Powell.

Correspondence

Editor UNITY: I am glad to read Mr. E. P. Powell's words:

> Evolution teaches plainly that man is not a fallen being, but one who has risen from the merely sentient to the reasoning—and is still on the road of progress. With this goes our whole scheme of theology, including incarnation, salvation of a vicarious sort, and all our supposed knowledge of future retribution and reward.

More plainly are devout men learning to say what they think on such vital questions.

I am a member in good standing of the Presbyterian Church, but I entirely endorse Mr. Powell's view.

Yours, BOLTON HALL.

Put up the Sword

I have sung of the soldier's glory
As I never shall sing again;
I have gazed on the shambles gory,
I have smelled of the slaughter-pen.

There is blood in the ink-well clotted,
There are stains on the laurel leaf,
And the pages of fame are blotted
With the tears of a needless grief.

The bird is slaughtered for fashion.
And the beast is killed for sport;
And never the word compassion
Is whispered at Moloch's court.

For the parent seal in the water
Is slain, and her child must die,
That some sister or wife or daughter
Her beauty may beautify.

And the merciful thought we smother—
For such is the way of man—
As we murder the useless mother
For the "unborn astrakhan."

But a season of rest comes never
For the rarest sport of all;
Will His patience endure forever,
Who noteth the sparrow's fall?

When the volleys of hell are sweeping
The sea and the battle plain,
Do you think that our God is sleeping,
And never to wake again?

When hunger and ravenous fever
Are slaying the wasted frame,
Shall we worship the red deceiver,
The devil that men call Fame?

We may swing the censer to cover
The odor of blood—in vain;
God asks us, over and over,
"Where is thy brother Cain?"

—*James Jeffrey Roche,*
in The Century.

To give happiness and to do good, there is our only law, our anchor of salvation, our beacon light, our reason for existing. All religions may crumble away; so long as this survives we have still an Ideal, and life is worth living. Nothing can lessen the dignity and value of humanity so long as the religion of love, of unselfishness and devotion endures; and none can destroy the altars of this faith for us, so long as we feel ourselves still capable of love.—*Henri F. Amiel.*

THE PULPIT

The New Negro

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY HON. S. LAING WILLIAMS AT THE MORNING SERVICE HELD AT ALL SOULS CHURCH IN THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO, SUNDAY, JULY 26, 1908.

The rise of a man from a low estate to a high estate, from dependence to independence, from ignorance to intelligence and self-sufficiency, is always interesting, always important and always more or less disturbing. The immediate problem of this man is to get himself known, respected and believed in. He may be worthy, he may be aspiring, he may be competent for high service, but he is mistrusted and even hated because he is aspiring. It is a tremendously difficult thing for this new applicant for citizenship to gain the good will and confidence of a whole nation of people who are in undisputed power and control.

The difficulty is enhanced when this new man comes in the visage of Othello and in the condition of dependence.

The new man merely asks for standing room, yet he is crowded back. He asks to be heard and is silenced. He asks to be trusted and he is denied. He pleads to be tested by his intelligence and his honor as a man, and he is scorned. In short, he "asks for bread and is given a stone." His presence is a menace, his proffered service is ignored. Indeed, all the higher laws of God and man are set aside when this new man comes with his undisputed credentials of worth and sufficiency. Yet this new man, conscious of his worth, persists in his quest for recognition. He knows that what is right must eventually prevail.

No country can afford to deny the right of any man to be respected. Men of character and force are the chief assets of a nation. The greatest nations are those that have the highest uses for their best men. While this is true, yet the passion for keeping some men down is everywhere in evidence. This is so because the fixed opinion of men and things is hard to change. Give a man a bad name and it will pass current in spite of his innocence and his virtues.

In this great country of ours we freely judge and misjudge men according to our feelings. The worth of a man is not always a shield of protection against bad opinions of him. Whether we are liked or disliked, trusted or mistrusted, often depends upon such superficial things as race, color, intelligence, ignorance, poverty or wealth. The most unyielding of all separating causes between man and man is race prejudice. Race prejudice needs no definition. The sting of it, the mean force of it, and the cruelty of it are a part of our common experience. No race of men has been entirely free from opposition due to race prejudice, and the Negro race in America is conspicuously no exception to the rule.

For over two hundred years the force of race prejudice in this country has overridden justice, morality and religion in keeping our people below the level of men of white complexion. By a strange perversity of human nature our very uprising in intelligence, moral worth and economic efficiency has been regarded as a menace to American civilization.

There is nothing to be gained by reopening this dark chapter in our nation's history. If we have suffered many things because of our worthy aspirations to deserve well of the American people, the American people have also suffered by violating the laws of God and man in their effort to establish two standards of righteousness, one black and one white. There are some things about which there can be no compromise. A righteous man is neither white nor black. He is simply a righteous man. To hate him because he is either white or black is wicked; to mistrust him is folly; to be afraid of him is cowardly. Somewhere and at some time or place in this great world of human beings such a man is needed and will find his place. It is sometimes said that the Negro race in America is on trial and it might be as fittingly added that the jury is packed and the verdict made up even before the evidence is heard. Hence the burden of our plea always is: hear the evidence. The evidence is more interesting than the possible verdict.

Some great things have been going on in this country of ours during the past forty years. Much of it is unseen, unknown and not believed, but is more or less distinctly felt in the social and economic life of the American people.

As a result of it all we have in this country today what may be fittingly called a "new Negro," and the race problem may be defined as the failure of the American people to recognize and know this new Negro. So hard and uncompromising has been the separation between the races that this new and well-equipped man of the hour has had no chance to reveal himself to those who still have in their minds types of the cotton field and log cabin Negro of fifty years ago. It seems to be human nature to dislike people we don't know. The Negro people of this country have moved on and up at such a wonderful pace that their splendid worth has dazed the American people.

It is not too much to say that the average American knows more about the Japanese and Chinese, who are separated from them by almsot impassable barriers of differences, than he does about the race that for over two hundred years has been helping to build up a great nation. It is a long and weary distance from Jamestown to Tuskegee, and the pathway is strewn with suffering and sadness, yet the journey has been made and all we ask of the American people is to turn around and at least recognize the size of our burden.

The New Negro is not a fictitious man. He is not a child of fortune—a man without a history—without an expanding soul and without a destiny. There have been two emancipations of the Negro race. The one was physical and was consummated in 1865, the other has been a continuous emancipation from slavish heritages of conditions and instincts, to a persistence and extent that few Americans can understand. The drastic and uncompromising laws of separations have made it impossible for the people in whose midst we live and move to feel the extent of this second emancipation. No recitals of mere facts and figures can tell the whole story of this wonderful self-emancipation. The test of a race's worth is the kind of men it is capable of producing. An Indian chief is merely stronger but not ethically better than the rest of his tribe. There are no distinguished Esquimaux. They are all on the low level of an ice-enduring existence. Out of such races no civilization develops, but its people are held everlastingly to the primal instincts of animalism.

The significant and compelling thing about the Negro race is that it has always shown a capacity for the highest and best things in our national life. As an illustration some facts and figures are significant. Emerson says somewhere that "it is inhuman not to believe in education, since amelioration is the law of life." Education has been the controlling passion of

the Negro race. Within forty years they have overcome quite sixty per cent of their illiteracy. Thousands of young colored men and women have won academic degrees in many of the best colleges and universities of America and Europe. The Negro that most Americans picture as mendicant, shiftless and unenterprising, now pays taxes on over $300,000,000 worth of real estate. This race that is so greatly feared as a menace to Anglo-Saxon social morality has been busy since 1865 building churches, schools, colleges, hospitals, homes for the aged, some thirty banks, and taking a conspicuous part in all those movements that indicate an increase in civic virtue and individual morality. In other words, the man who forty-five years ago was a chattel has become in some instances a lawyer, a physician, a theologian, an artist, a poet, a journalist, a banker, a diplomat, a linguist, a soldier unafraid, an ardent patriot and a man who dares to have courage in the midst of discouragements. Who can afford not to respect men of this kind? Surely there must be some real soul, something heroic, in the man who can thus honorably give an account of himself. The chattel of the cotton field has become a gentleman in spirit and in fact. He is a self-made man and challenges the respect of all mankind. He asks to be respected for what he is and stands for in his new status and not for what the American people meanly think he is.

This new man has been wonderfully tested and has borne himself with heroic patience. He is a man of distinctly American spirit, in language, in religion, in democratic instincts, in enterprise, in his ethical impulses and patriotism, the most ardent of Americans, ready at all times to fight or work for our national security. He lives in the present, in spite of the people who think of him and treat him as a backward race.

Civilization has been defined as "the power of good men." Is this aphorism large enough to include men and women of African descent? Within two generations at least, five Negro men have added to the glory of American annals: Frederick Douglass, the orator; Booker T. Washington, the educator; Dunbar, the poet; DuBois, the sociologist; Tanner, the artist; Kelly Miller, the teacher, and Frank J. Grimke, the preacher. A race that can produce a group of men such as these in a single generation cannot be forever written down as a race without an interesting future.

This new Negro is an optimist in spite of the wrongs that he endures. Formerly he complained without hope; now he hopes without complaint. The American who cannot see and appreciate this new man is himself blind and need not be feared. No race that has the power to redeem itself can be kept in an inferior position. When you can pity the man who wantonly hates you, you have achieved the mastery over him and his tribe.

The race problem of today, in spite of the people who think, feel and act as if it were the same as it was in 1860, is a new problem and may be defined: What shall be the status of this educated, high-spirited, ambitious and deserving man of the Negro race or this new Negro? He knocks and knocks persistently at the door of opportunity. Shall it be opened? Justice and fair play say, yes; race prejudice, in the spirit of 1860, says no. The American Negro has become well accustomed to the American "No." In a sort of triumphant spirit, the noble Frederick Douglass used to say, when beset on all sides by evil forces in the dark days of the '60's: "I sometimes forget the color of my skin and remember that I am a man; I sometimes forget that I am hated of men and remember that I am loved of God." And so these black men of today, in spite of the recurrent fury of race prejudice, keep their faith in God and the growing spirit of tolerance of all mankind. Bad laws may be written and enforced to prevent a good man from being an uncontested citizen, but we feel strong in the fact that before man made us citizens, great nature made us men, and the man behind the citizen is more important than a man-made citizen. Let us be tested by what we deserve and the problem is solved. Let us not make the mistake of believing it is possible to compel any class of freemen in this Republic "to keep his place." A man's place in this country should be wherever he himself can make it.

Every colored man or woman in this country who has come into prominence because of his or her worth has done so in defiance of all the evil forces that for two hundred years have insisted that this is a "white man's country." The Negro people have performed a great service by proving that you cannot found a great civilization on complexion alone. It is scarcely worthy a great nation of people to be afraid and become hysterical for fear of losing their social exclusiveness. While this new Negro is struggling upward through cruel repression to become a God-fearing and man-loving citizen of the world of mankind, our white friends are continuously haunted by the unworthy bugbear of "social equality." This new Negro asks for nothing that he dares not deserve and it is inhuman to expect him to be satisfied with less. If the right to vote, if the right to pay taxes, if the right to defend our position as American citizens and deserve the good opinion of the Lincolns and the Sumners of the past make for social equality, the fault must be theirs who feel so insecure in their social status. Certainly the tide of progress of one race of people must not be kept back until some other race can make itself socially impregnable. In the name of this social equality mania more sins have been committed by our white friends than can be expiated in a century of good will. To the new Negro this social equality terror is both amusing and exasperating. His character, his culture, his good sense and fine manners are an offense and a menace to people who are so sure of their unapproachable superiority. Certainly there must be something fundamentally wrong with the man or woman who becomes meanly afraid because I can read and appreciate Emerson and Herbert Spencer, and can be stirred by an ambition to serve well my country. Ah, my friends, there is a wrong in all this that goes to the heart of our national honor. It discounts our religion, it cheapens our patriotism and casts a shadow of falsehood over our pretended national greatness.

Some forty years ago the people of this country became so alarmed over the multitude of freedmen at the close of the Civil War that they established a Freedmen's Bureau to aid the freedmen in their transition from slavery to freedom. That was a great service and was inspired by true love of humanity. The ignorant, uncivilized and empty-handed man of 1865 has become a man of culture, a man of force and a man of independence. We shall have to look to this new man to complete the great work of reconstruction. In other words, the new Negro people have a race problem on their hands which is both interesting and far-reaching in its consequences, and that is to teach white Americans how possible it is to be both just and respectable towards this expanding race of ours without their loss of anything worth having.

We must save the American people from the debilitating effects of the fears they have that our increase of intelligence and independence mean their own loss of social prestige. Let me enjoy all the rights I de-

serve—who will suffer? To this end let us be confident as to these things:

(1) The rise of the Negro people in intelligence, in social efficiency, in self-pride, in the power to add its share toward the wealth and social uplift of the nation must not be hindered or prevented by race prejudice.

(2) Injustice, race hatred, discriminations in the matter of fundamental rights will never solve the race problem.

(3) The fear of social equality has become a national fetish. It is a fear that was born in the dark days of slavery out of a guilty conscience, and is today fostered and nourished by people who have not yet been touched by the expanding thought of this new era of national growth.

(4) In the conflict between race prejudice and the Negro's advancement I am satisfied that whatever is fundamentally right will finally triumph.

(5) A state built on the foolish fear of social equality will remain where it began, and will make no history worth reading.

This new Negro only asks and fights for a chance. He sees about him men from all Europe and Asia. Every shop, factory, office and honor is open to this man from across the sea. The descendants of the man who fought under Jackson at New Orleans, with Perry on Lake Erie, who triumphantly died at Fort Wagner, who helped Custer in the West to make room for the Norwegians and Swedes, who planted our conquering flag at El Caney, are asked to step aside and be satisfied to blacken the shoes of these newcomers.

The new Negro who sees and feels all this is asked to be patient—simply to wait and watch. And so he has watched and waited patiently, heroically and confidently. But he now begins to feel that his heroic patience has invited contempt rather than praise. This new Negro, unlike his grandfather, is sensitive to wrongs, writhes under injustice and is fretful under discriminations copied from South Carolina and Alabama.

This country of ours is a country teeming with opportunities. The man of thorough education, the man of technical training, the inventor, the man skilled in law, medicine, diplomacy and statesmanship can find here his opportunity. This new Negro that I have been talking about is here and ready for all kinds of service. His worth is admitted; why not give him a chance? By everything we pretend to be in this country, in religion, in morals, democracy and spirit of fair play, the ambitions of this well equipped man should be honored and he be given the chance he deserves. There are never too many fit men to do the high services of a great and ever expanding nation.

Here, then, is our new race problem that has been brought to the nation by this new and ambitious Negro.

What shall be done for or with this new man with a black face? Here in America we have a wide-open civilization. We are made up of all kinds and conditions of people, and we are alike ambitious to do the low and high services of the nation and to be rewarded according to our worth.

The new Negro today offers himself as a fit man for everything that comes within the range of superior intelligence and worthy ambition. Shall he be encouraged, or shall he be turned away hopeless and discouraged? Can this nation, with its limitless opportunities, afford to fix a limitation to the ambitions of any of its people?

Thanks to the progress of humane sentiment in this country, this new man who asks the question can help to answer it. There was a time when all the questions asked as to what should be the status of the Negro were asked and answered by the same man. Thanks to the growth of intelligence and the manhood spirit of the race, no question concerning us is completely answered without our participation in the answer. This shows progress.

This new Negro is an aggressive man, and he will be increasingly heard, and deserves to be increasingly respected. This new Negro may be impatient, as he has a right to be, but he is not altogether discouraged. He is strong in the faith that he is right and fit, and what is right will some day be the unchallenged law of conduct everywhere.

The race problem of today is not one of social equality, but rather one of recognized moral and mental equality—of the right to aspire, of the right to realize what one deserves, of the right to serve our common country in times of peace as well as in times of war. There never can be too many good men and good women in the world, come they from whatever country or race.

The United States is a nation of great problems, and the nation cannot afford to make it impossible for some men to serve the nation in their solution. In spite of unworthy fears of some Americans concerning the new Negro of today and tomorrow, the unfolding of new opportunities for men of brawn, brain and courage will need us. This new Negro will be wanted. In this growing nation of ours there is to be a new political economy to meet the new conditions of our ever expanding nation. A new social ethics that will enable all men to respect each other without fear or loss of social prestige. A new spirit of politics that shall make public office a public trust. A new spirit of brotherhood when it will be more honorable for men to be just to each other than to be socially equal, and a new awakening of all the higher senses of man in his duty to man. Such a consummation is devoutly to be wished. But none of this "vision splendid" can be realized until our interest in mankind shall be greater than our interest in some men.

Today we are fettered by the spirit of the tribe and those who claim to be most free are most fettered. It is not the things we own and the power we have and misuse that make our nation truly great. Why cannot we afford to be just and patient to a race that daily grows in independence and power of self-hood? Who cannot respect a man of worth, even though he be brown or black? Who cannot afford to be just and have faith that what is just will hurt no man? All of us are ready to say yes to these questions, yet we all painfully know that it is easier to live below our ideals. The man who compels me to pay a first class fare for worse than a second class accommodation in a "Jim Crow" car from Chicago to Tuskegee is often a churchman who gives liberal alms to the poor and needy. The man who thinks most of Thomas Jefferson because he stood for the great idea of equality is apt to be the man who is most violent in insisting that this is "a white man's country." The man who thinks he is a Christian and who pretends to conform his life to the Golden Rule of the Bible is too often the man who practices the iron rule of injustice.

The new Negro knows all this and feels this and yet he is a man of faith and courage. Though held

down he continues to look up and in all honorable ways struggles for his rights. He submits heroically to the things he cannot overcome. Opposition has made him heroic, and his love of justice has made him optimistic. His ambition is to deserve what he claims, and his high privilege is to pity the man who merely stands in the way of progress.

This new Negro is approaching an era of great things. Tremendous are the problems of tomorrow. In the larger world of higher politics, in the new ideals of a higher citizenship, in the social atmosphere of the new ethics of fellowship and in a more exalted religious sense, this new man of our republic will be needed and will find his place, and will be honored for what he is and can do for the world of mankind.

Dickens and David

Probably every great novelist has had a certain influence and power over the people of his own generation which are not to be duplicated for those later born.

The very air changes, and with it goes that mysterious element of comprehension which inexplicably and forever binds to the writer the hearts of his readers.

"But is this true of Dickens?" some one will ask. And unhesitatingly we answer "Yes." "Yes," in the face of the wonderfully beautiful editions of his works with which publishers are flooding the market, and still "Yes" despite the fact that thousands buy his books and weep over the too dramatic words of little Paul—words which no child ever could have uttered spontaneously and without "malice aforethought."

Real pathos there is, of course; alas, too much of it when one remembers the sad experiences of actual life, and realizes how many souls longing for joyousness as conveyed by printed pages have turned away with hunger unsatisfied. For humor is not *gladness;* and too often the laughter is dangerously near to tears. Or else we find *no* humor, but an endless succession of grotesque fancies and characters—almost without parallel (to an American)—indeed, *caricatures;* not like the clear black-and-white pen etchings of Thackeray's, but so highly colored as to suggest the dreadful yellow and red pictorials, the taste for which has long since passed away.

Yet there was much interest formerly in the gayly crayoned crudities of so-called art, and thus with Dickens' tableaux vivants; but just as people have turned from the abuse of color, so we turn from the disagreeable pictures of Sairey Gamp, Betsey Prig, Bill Sykes, Noah, Fagin, the Jew, Squeers, and, in brief, the whole retinue of what should deservedly be "The Rogues' Gallery."

Our eyes behold another company—the dear, familiar faces chosen from that masterpiece, David Copperfield. Of this volume Dickens says: "Of all my books, I like this the best. It will be easily believed that I am a fond parent to every child of my fancy, and that no one can ever love that family as dearly as I love them. But, like many fond parents, I have in my heart of hearts a favorite child. And his name is David Copperfield." And no wonder that he loved his character and many of that character's friends! For they were not shadowy, imaginary ghosts, but real flesh and blood creatures, with whom he despaired and hoped and suffered—almost always suffered—for even that which most nearly approached happiness gained its strength by having some awful grief as contrast.

With David sorrows were many. The child of a father whose dreamy, gentle life had ceased before his own begun, he knew the dependence of a half-orphaned son on a fragile mother's affection. That mother, unwisely marrying again, dared no longer openly express her real love for her boy, who, wilfully misunderstood by his step-father, is sent away to a school whose cruel, tyrannical master does what he can to further break the lad's spirit.

But the memory of his mother and of his faithful nurse, Peggotty, enables him to endure, and the months drag by. Finally he is permitted to spend a holiday at home. Needless to say the time is poisoned by his stern connections. So he hails the hour of departure—to school, even!—for, as he says in speaking of his mother, "The gulf between us was there, and the parting was there, every day. And it is not so much the embrace she gave me that lives in my mind (though it was fervent as could be), as what followed the embrace.

"I was in the carrier's cart when I heard her calling to me. I looked out, and she stood at the garden-gate alone, holding her baby up in her arms for me to see. It was cold, still weather; and not a hair of her head, nor a fold of her dress, was stirred as she looked intently at me, holding up her child.

"So I lost her. So I saw her afterwards, in my sleep at school—a silent presence near my bed—looking at me with the same intent face—holding up her baby in her arms."

And in dreams or in reality, David never saw his mother again.

After her death he took refuge from continued tyranny and dreadful servitude with an old great-aunt who gave up her detestation of trespassing donkeys to espouse the cause of her nephew's son.

Perhaps Miss Trotwood is one of the best characters in the story—certainly a stronger one than Dora, the child-wife of David, whose sweetness and love captivate him, albeit he realizes that his wife and he are on different planes. And Dora is so very docile, and desirous of being to her husband all that a wife can be, and all that she knows *she* never can be, that we, too, are made prisoners, and do not resign David to Agnes Wickfield (Dora's best friend and exact opposite) after the little child-wife's death, with the same resignation and sense of fitness that mark the author. We should prefer that Dora might have lived, for, as is the case with most of those who leave this world, "she had just commenced to know something."

The English people have often said of us, their cousins, that we do not understand them. (You see we are carrying the cry back to its starting point.) And if we do not understand them, we cannot hope to understand as they do a mind like Charles Dickens'.

Granted, the rule, Island Cousins, and grant us (as is usual) one exception. For there was *one* American who so loved and knew him that, without imitation conscious, he drew from him knowledge of Dickens' strongest point—style. And better is it that he should be the one to interpret something of the wonderful spell Dickens exercised over a quarter of a century since. Enter Mr. Francis Bret Harte with your tribute:

DICKENS IN CAMP.

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras far above uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted
The ruddy tints of health

On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth.

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew.

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the master
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy—for the reader
Was youngest of them all—
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp with "Nell" on English meadows
Wandered and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes—o'ertaken
As by some spell divine—
Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp and wasted all its fire;
And he who wrought that spell?—
Ah! towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp, but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vine's incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly
And laurel wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly—
This spray of western pine.

MARY LIVINGSTON BURDICK.

Right After All

The poem which is subjoined had its inception, inspiration and found expression in a plank of the platform of the Free Democratic party of 1852, with which the poem was contemporaneous. Said plank was the 15th, and read as follows:

That emigrants and exiles from the Old World should find a cordial welcome to homes of comfort and fields of enterprise in the New; and every attempt to abridge their privilege of becoming citizens and owners of the soil among us ought to be resisted with inflexible determination.

This plank, and in fact the entire platform, breathes the heart and soul of the great Free Soil movement of 1848, so soon, however, to become demoralized by selfish interests and fall under the fatal domination of know nothingism, prefigured in the line of Milton as a pirate craft:

Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark.

Also suggestive of a slave-ship as appropriate to this new-fangled bogus "Americanism" and craze of religious intolerance and fanaticism, and as a result has there been a more fitting illustration of the familiar lines of Bryant, beginning "Truth crushed to earth." True, there remain differences with regard to the question under notice, but they are no longer of the dark lantern and holy inquisition type. Of one thing the writer of this feels assured, viz., that the platform declaration above recited is at once endorsed and vindicated by the great Scandinavian element of our country, in whose midst UNITY makes its home. I will not further enlarge at present, save to introduce the poem with reference to which I set out:

EUROPEAN IMMIGRANTS' SONG.

Adieu, ungrateful Fatherland!
Our early home—our household band!
We turn us from our natal shore,
It to revisit nevermore.
Forlorn, we cast a longing eye
Where day's last lingering glories die,—
In Freedom's Empire of the West
We hope at length in peace to rest.

Long have we marked her beacon star,
In trembling hope and fear afar;
Long clung to our retreats of woe,
Wishing, and yet afraid, to go.
Now, fallen ruin's fearful prey,
Impending death forbids delay,—
The spot which should have been our home
Assumes the semblance of a tomb.

Therefore we leave our fathers' graves—
Than they we would not be more slaves;
We may no longer linger there,
To court communion with Despair.
For our dear land, we sadly pray,
May swiftly dawn a brighter day;
But, ah! Oppression's arm is strong—
Nerved ages in the grasp of wrong!

God aid the right! We may not stay
To pass in blood and tears away;
Our kindred, who have gone before,
Speak of a green and peaceful shore,
Where health and freedom breathe around
O'er fields with luscious harvests crowned,
And sweetly counsel us to come
And share the bounties of their home.

They tell us Nature's aspect there
A brighter grace is wont to wear;
That something lingers o'er the scene
Recalling Eden's bowers serene;
And, oh, they say that such as we
May sit beneath their own rooftree,
And share the bounty of the land,
Unvexed by tyrant minion's hand;

That we may speak with freemen's tongues,
That we may echo freedom's songs,
That we may dance to freedom's lays,
And fill the heavens with freedom's praise;
That, free as freedom's mountain air,
Our souls may rise to God in prayer;
And that, when we have left the stage,
Our sons may share this heritage.

Our hearts have yielded, and we come—
Green western land, receive us home!
Adieu to Europe's wasted plain,
Where Pomp and Famine jointly reign.
Adieu her castellated towers,
Whence grim Oppression's genius lowers!
All hail Columbia's virgin clime,
In glory's dawn and nature's prime!

Surely, we think, her matchless shore
For us a refuge holds in store;
That her majestic forests deep
For us a heritage must keep;
That on her boundless grassy plains
Repose our long-deferred domains.
Adieu to Europe's woe and gloom—
Land of the West! we come! we come!

San Marcos, Tex. ISAAC H. JULIAN.

"If I can put some touches of rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman," said George Macdonald, "then I feel that I have wrought with God."

To make an old person happier, more comfortable, more hopeful—that is to put the touch of rosy sunset into a human life. It is a special privilege of youth to cheer old age. How naturally an old person turns to a young person for sunshine! It is beautiful to see the sympathy that subsists between the two extremes of life. In some respects youth and age are as like as sunrise and sunset; and it seems to be God's blessed will and plan that each should turn to the other for help.

It is in the power of every young person to bring sunlight into the life of some old person, to impart that "touch of rosy sunset" which is so sweet to the aged pilgrim who is drawing near the close of life.—*Exchange.*

THE STUDY TABLE

Two Great Books

I am in receipt from Ginn & Co., of Boston, of "Folkways: A Study of the Usages, Manners, Customs and Modes of Humanity, and Their Sociological Bearing." Anything like a just analysis of this book I cannot give. It is a cyclopedia in one sense, but is readable in the highest degree. Hardly a page but contains passages that express the life experience of the author, Prof. W. G. Sumner, of Yale University. For instance, on page 638, we read that "A man's education never stops as long as he lives. All the experience of life is educating him. In school days he is undergoing education by the contact of life, and by what he does or suffers." Prof. Sumner considers this sort of education a transferring to the boy of the life of society, or, as he calls it, mores. The relations of men to each other end in more or less fixed positions of individuals and sub-groups, and more or less established methods of interaction between them. These established relations constitute folk-ways. Mores is the Latin word used by our author as a name for folkways with the connotations of right and truth as bearing on our welfare. Every class or group in society has its own mores; at this point your folkway becomes coercive as a conscientious and determinative rule. In this way there comes about the notion of "ought," and public notions become religious and binding. This may explain the use of the word religion, which in the Latin signifies "to bind together." A large part of the volume discusses labor and wealth in their struggle for existence—including such manifestations as slavery, cannibalism, infanticide, killing the old or pensioning them, and blood revenge. In the same way we get hold of the rise of what we call humanitarianism, including all sorts of reforms and based upon a coalescence of mores or folkways. It is one of the books that can hardly be omitted by the thoughtful and scholarly man. It is not necessary to absolutely agree with every opinion of the author, but if you want a book to widen your range of thought, here it is.

From Harper & Brothers I have received "Decisive Battles of the Law," by Frederick Trevor Hill. The only wonder is that something of this kind has not been done before. Mr. Hill gives us a narrative, or a study rather, of eight great legal contests affecting the people of the United States, between the years 1800 and 1886. The first of these was the battle of the United States against Calender, a fight for freedom of the press. Probably no other contest has affected the character of the United States more than this one. It took place early in the Nineteenth Century and resulted in the destruction of the Alien and Sedition laws, and wound up Federalism in the United States as an autocratic force. The second trial discussed is that of the United States against Aaron Burr. We are slowly coming to a time when even Aaron Burr can have justice, and those of us who read history are glad that such scoundrels as Major General Wilkinson, and such shrewd political wire-pullers as Alexander Hamilton, and even Judge Marshall, can be studied without bias. The third trial was that of the Commonwealth of Virginia against John Brown; the fourth that which resulted in the Dred Scott decision. There is no chapter in the book more important than this one, for it gives us the true history of the case which ended in a decision which stamped United States history with disgrace and hurried onward a civil war. The impeachment of Andrew Johnson is handled just as it ought to be, as is also the Alabama Arbitration. Then follows the Hayes-Tilden contest, which ended in giving us one of our best Presidents, but unjustly robbed his opponent of the office to which he was elected. The final chapter deals with the Chicago Anarchist case. The book is remarkable in more than one way, but its peculiar value lies in its judicial honesty.

E. P. Powell.

What is in a Name?

"Mankind is governed by names." This axiom holds good about their material as well as spiritual affairs. The child at home, the pupil at school is taught the names or nouns together with the verbs and other words of our vocabulary, but few and far between are they who in their maturity try to discover the derivation of them; hardly any who discern the verb in the noun, the etymology of the word, why this particular thing, animated or inanimated, was called by this or that name. Especially is this gross ignorance prevailing among the laity—the people distinct of the clergy—in matters ecclesiastical, as the words "Eucharist," "Transubstantiation," etc. These names and many others inculcate in the minds of the ignorant a certain awe and reverence, without knowing why or wherefore.

To the Romans of old, who had many gods but one king, the "Imperator," "August" or "Caesar" meant a great deal more than even God. The Triumvirate was spoken of with greater reverence and significance than the modern Trinity. Today, though the fear and terror of the priests have vanished, the big stick of the proxies of Paul or vicars of Christ is broken, still the mention of the holy virgin or Jesus Christ provokes a greater sensation to some people than the simple name God or Eternal God Almighty or Omnipotent. With them the idea of God has not kept pace with the times, but the medieval conception with its evil consequences is still predominant.

Schiller declared that "man depicts himself in his gods." This aphorism speaks volumes, for according to the understanding he has of the universe he shapes to himself a creator; if his mind is broadened by universal knowledge and many sciences, his God is infinitely great, without bound or limit, without beginning or end, and he expresses his thought about him with the name "eternal" or "supreme being"; while on the other hand the ignorant or narrow-minded individual is satisfied with less, even to the extent of a personal proper noun.

There have been times, in ages past, when the people were perfectly happy with just a house god, a family-god or a tribe and clan-god; as many cities, as many propitious gods; but thanks to the Great Unknown, through the inspiration sent from above from time to time, and the development of man's mind, we know today that there is a universal God and he is one; the only one, the holy one; and in the future—may God hasten the time—he will be expressed and known by the name "The One."

They will refer to him by the appellation "The One," in order to distinguish from the past error and blasphemy, "the many." Let the Jews call him the God of our fathers, for they have not a name for their deity, and the Christians call him The One, the Eternal, or The God of Israel.

M. Gordon.

THE HOME

(Contributions for this department should be sent to Mrs. William Kent, Kentfield, Marin Co., California.)

Helps To High Living

SUN.—Whoso would be a man must be a non-conformist.

MON.—Every hour repairs herself, yielding us every morning a new day, and with every pulsation a new life?

TUES.—What is a man born for but to be a Reformer, a Remaker of what man has made, a renouncer of lies, a restorer of truth and good, imitating that great Nature which embosoms us all.

WED.—He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness.

THURS.—The new is always hated by the old, and, to those dwelling in the old, comes like an abyss of scepticism. But the eye soon gets wonted to it; then its innocency and benefit appear.

FRI.—People wish to be settled; only so far as they are unsettled is there any hope for them. There is no outside, no inclosing wall, no circumference to us. The only sin is limitation.

SAT.—Not always can flowers, pearls, poetry, content the awful soul that dwells in clay. It arouses itself at last from these endearments, as toys, and puts on harness, and aspires to vast and universal aims.—*Emerson.*

I Killed a Robin

I killed a robin. The little thing,
With scarlet breast on a glossy wing,
That comes in the apple-tree to sing.

I flung a stone as he twittered there;
I only meant to give him a scare,
But off it went—and hit him square.

A little flutter—a little cry—
Then on the ground I saw him lie;
I didn't think he was going to die.

But as I watched him I soon could see
He never would sing for you or me
Any more on the apple-tree.

Never more in the morning light,
Never more in the sunshine bright,
Thrilling his song in gay delight.

And I'm thinking every summer day,
How never, never I can repay
The little life that I took away.

—*Sidney Dayre.*

Dangers the Baby Bird Meets

So many dangers beset young birds between the time they are hatched and the time when they are able to take care of themselves it is a wonder that so many of them reach maturity. That any of them do so is probably due to the fact that this period of helplessness is comparatively short, averaging perhaps three weeks with the majority of our perching birds.

During the period of incubation the nest is comparatively safe; as a rule it is inconspicuous, often carefully hidden, and the sitting bird is usually silent.

As soon as the tender chicks break through the shells of the eggs it becomes a difficult matter indeed for the parents to keep their secret from a hundred enemies more pitiless than any storm, and whose eyes, ears and noses are ever ready to detect the presence of such dainty and available morsels as nestling birds.

The feeding of the little ones and the cleaning of the nest necessitate scores of visits daily on the part of the old birds, and, quietly as the work is usually done, so much passing back and forth to a given point is very often apt to attract undesirable attention. Then the young birds themselves seem very indiscreet and frequently make so much ado when their parents arrive with food that they seem to invite every enemy within sight or hearing.

The young of birds which build on the ground are perhaps the ones which are subject to the greatest number of dangers. Fortunate it is for them that they know no evil—that their inborn fear is latent and does not develop until such time as it shall profit them to be afraid, until they are able to fly and thus escape the dangers they are afraid of.

White footed mice in all probability destroy young birds occasionally, since they are fond of animal food. Personally, I have never seen a gray squirrel injure a bird's nest, but I think there is enough good evidence forthcoming to convict him of at least occasionally eating both eggs and nestlings. Red squirrels and chipmunks have been caught in the act so often that they may be regarded as habitual criminals.

In proportion to their numbers, however, it is doubtful if squirrels do anything near the damage that is wrought by the domestic cat. The latter is larger and requires much more food, and it is also more apt to kill merely for sport. The cat problem is a serious one with bird lovers, the more so because of the strong hold pussy has on thousands of good people.

—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

The Bird Clown

A QUEER KIND OF FELLOW IS THE YELLOW-BREASTED CHAT.

The oddities of the yellow-breasted chat begin even with his classification. To think of a warbler the size of a Baltimore oriole! A warbler with a song like a mocking bird! Indeed, there is little about the chat that is not remarkable; he goes in for the weird and the spectacular. If nature designed him to show what she could do in the way of the unusual and the eccentric she had remarkable success.

This bird, and not the catbird, is the real "clown of the woods." Clown of the thicket would be more apt, for, like the catbird, he prefers the shrub and lower trees; a wild tangle of briars and vines is a favorite haunt. It is only the better to survey such a retreat that he mounts to the top of a tree. From his lofty perch he sings, to the amazement and bewilderment of the person that hears the song for the first time. More likely than not he will become invisible and silent upon the first attempt to approach him, remaining quiet and hidden till you move on again; then he chuckles loudly and scolds and spits and scoffs till you are out of sight and hearing.

No bird is so fearful of being seen or such a master of hide-and-seek. It is worse than useless to try to steal a march on him. He manages to be always on the wrong side of the next bush, the one way to find his nest, which is a pretty little basket of straws and weed-stalks, lined with fine grasses and strips of soft bark or leaves placed a foot or more above the ground among tall weeds or bushes. The sitting bird steals away and is at once lost to sight. Take a peep at the white, red-speckled eggs and then hide among the bushes as far away from the nest as you can while still keeping it in sight. You may have to wait for an hour and even make other trips to the spot, but this is the surest way to get a good look at this shy one.—From "Nature and Science" in June *St. Nicholas.*

Whom it Benefits

Finnerty (who takes a dhrop)—I see thet wan iv thim scientific gents says an occasional spree is binificial f'r some min.

Mrs. Finnerty—Troth it is—I never yet saw a saloon-kaper that didn't wear fine clothes an' a dimint ring or two.—*Puck.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Tower Hill Notes

The New Testament lessons of this week completed the letters of Paul and began the study of the gospels with the book of Mark which, according to the editors of the "Twentieth Century New Testament," was compiled at an uncertain date later than 55 A. D. The Mark whose name it bears was probably the John Mark of the family of Barnabas, who started out with Paul on his travels, but turned back and afterwards fell under the influence of Peter, but there is no certainty that the book was written by him. It would seem to have been based upon oral traditions, of which the country must have contained many at this time, upon one or more previously written records which have been lost, and the recollections of Peter handed down to Mark and written by him or by some one to whom Mark in turn transmitted the message orally. The author of the book wrote with a distinct theory in mind, viz., that Jesus was the Messiah.

One of the three literature evenings was this week given to William Morris and two to the Rossettis.

The one evening was all too brief to do more than hint at the many-sidedness of William Morris, the poet-artist lover of humanity. In the introductions to the "Earthly Paradise," the love of nature is in the ascendant. In the "Dream of John Ball," the writer had not yet escaped from the thrall of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, which so touched the spirit of his youthful imagination. And in "News from Nowhere" we have the most consistent and practical of the great dreams which have been given the world of the wonderful days a-coming "When all shall be better than well." From "The Day Is Coming," one of the many lyrics written as rallying songs for the new socialistic movement which was so dear to William Morris, the class chose its memory lines:

"Come, join in the only battle
Wherein no man can fail,
Where who so fadeth and dieth,
Yet his deed shall still prevail."

Dante Gabriel Rossetti is in some respects a difficult study for an English reader. He was more artist than poet; his poems are ever breaking into pictures, and his Italian strain is often a perplexity. The leader read his well-known poem, "The Blessed Damozel," "The Burden of Nineveh," a few movements from the sonnet-sequence, "The House of Life," and "The Last Confession."

In the brief time left for Christina Rossetti, we listened to her "Three Seasons"—Hope, Love and Memory—"When I am Dead," "Sudden Light," and the well known poem beginning, "Does the road wind uphill all the way! Yes, to the very end."

From this rapid survey of so large a field of poetry, too little residuum must perforce remain, but if there is born therefrom a sense of a fuller and richer world to be one day conquered, the purpose of the leader will be abundantly fulfilled.

Saturday morning Miss McMinn gave to an impromptu class in science a graphic sketch of the life history of the mosquito, brought down to date, with an account of the part borne by this insect in spreading the contagion of malaria and yellow fever.

On Sunday evening, in the absence of the usual leader, the vesper service was conducted by the Rev. Mary Andrews, with the reading of Stephen Phillips' drama, "The Sin of David."

August 3, 1908. E. H. W.

Foreign Notes

THE SWISS CONSCIENCE AND POLITICAL EXTRADITION.—How seriously the Swiss citizen takes himself and the acts of his government is beautifully illustrated by the many expressions of poignant regret over the recent extradition of Wassilieff, a Russian political refugee. The undying note of Swiss love of country and of liberty, not for himself alone but for the persecuted of all lands, runs through such utterances as the following:

"We are a free people. A happy people. Our democratic institutions are the admiration of the most advanced communities. Our country is incomparably beautiful. It is both admired and loved. Those who come among us, hasten hither with joy and go away with regret, leaving something of their heart behind them. They also leave us of their money, with which we develop our industry and our commerce. Thus we live upon our labor, our intelligence, and the admiration of the world.

"People come to us for the sake of our mountain peaks, our valleys and our lakes. They come because of our schools and of our liberty.

"Switzerland! The word awakens much in the stranger's soul. It is for many a synonym of progress, of international justice and of peace.

"Switzerland, that is William Tell and the Grütli Legends or realities? What matter which? In them lie our principles and our glory.

"Yet the Switzerland of Tell has just handed over to autocratic Russia a political refugee! A shadow has passed over the Grütli, which it will take years to efface.

"I do not know Wassilieff, nor do I approve of crime. But this man is not a common law criminal. All the subtleties and quibbles of the conservative newspapers change nothing, and if there was the slightest legal doubt it should have benefited the accused. As for us, ordinary citizens, who have not read the proceedings, it suffices us to know that five of our federal judges—one of them a Genevan, known for his probity, and whose name and life all speak a scrupulous conscience — refused extradition. That in itself suffices to make us doubt the justness as well as the justice of the decision. For here was no question of any sort of trial, or litigation between individuals or administrations.

"The ethical, political and patriotic question took precedence of legal subtleties. The very arguments of the majority of the tribunal, as the press has presented them to us, prove this. It was argued, it seems, that the action of Wassilieff might change the form of the Russian government! And according to our conservative journals, the tribunal had no call to consider actual conditions under the Russian government, nor the state of anarchy and revolution in that country.

"But the question lies right there. It is neither to republican France nor yet to royalist England that we have handed over this Russian, but to a government which knows next to nothing of constitutional guaranties and a country whose citizens are unacquainted with liberty. That much is admitted even by the *Journal de Genève*, which grants that 'Wassilieff may be deserving of the sympathy that one naturally accords to victims of the Russian government.' It is to this very government that this refugee has been surrendered.

"Then there is the well-known 'closed case.'

"We do not think for a moment of impugning the good faith, conscientiousness and perfect integrity of our federal judges in this matter, but we cannot accept the remarks of the *Journal de Genève* and the *Gazette de Lausanne*, which seem to blame those who do not bow in acquiescence and with conscience at rest, before the judgment of our first and supreme judicial authority.

"There is where the patriotic question comes in. We are all involved in this decision. It is not the judges of Lausanne, deciding in all conscience, who surrendered Wassilieff. It is above all Switzerland. When the Federal Court pronounces on a question of purely legal interest, those who lose can only pay the costs, though they may rail at the judges for forty-eight hours. But when the life of a man is involved, a refugee whose terrible fate is not a matter of doubt, when this man is a stranger, seeking an asylum among us though putting himself at the mercy of an extradition treaty, and when, extradited, he may fall into the hands of the executioner or the tor-

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turer, the whole country is interested in his fate, and every citizen has the utmost right to judge the matter and to criticise the decision arrived at.

"The *Journal de Genève* forgets that four years ago it was discussing a 'closed case,' settled by the military tribunal of Paris, and later by that of Rennes, when military justice in France was the incarnation of army honor and Dreyfuss, innocent, was twice pronounced guilty.

"It is strange to observe, too, how in this affair, and contrary to long-established usage, it became known at once, not merely how the vote stood, but also the opinion of each individual judge. Those who extradited him, as well, then, as those who took the opposite view, felt obliged to give the country a justification of their attitude. They understood the national character of their decision and could not conceal from themselves its importance and gravity.

"The text of the extradition treaty authorizes the surrender of Wassilieff to Russia, it is said. That may be, but there still remained a question of appreciation and interpretation. We should have shown some greatness and nobility by interpreting with a little heart and a little pity.

"We are proud of our independence. It is understood to hold a dominating position in the debates of the great powers. We are made to pay dearly for it in invoices of bombs, cannon, armored turrets, and all the annual increases in our military expenses.

"But what is the good of all this if we only use it to promote our material prosperity, to grow fat, and to get intoxicated?

"Switzerland might have done a noble thing. She had the right, the power, and above all, the duty.

"She did not do it.

"There is no question as to excusing crime; but in giving up this man we failed to defend the cause of right.

"There is still to be found among some savage races that beautiful practice of a hospitality which welcomes the wandering traveler without asking whence he comes or what he has done. There is little nobility in pushing off the shipwrecked man whom the wave brings to our shore, nor is it worthy of a happy, strong and independent people to surrender a political refugee and then quiet its uneasiness by appeal to texts."

So speaks the well-known deputy, Mr. August de Morsier, in the *Signal de Genève*. M. E. H.

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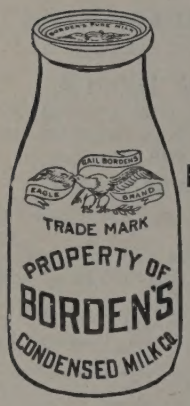

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